

From the Diary of Private Tucker
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Summary: taken off and fixed a bit This is in dedication to my Uncle Warren. Tucker has a very short and meaningful talk with Church.

From the Diary of Private Tucker

Hey... I know I've been gone a while, but this is still the same author. (Although a bit more matured. Heh.) This is also a bit out of my usual realm of writing, but my new fascination is Red vs. Blue. And I can't really say Tucker is my favorite (Church and Simmons would take the cake there), but there's not that many people on the blue team that would have insightful conversations unless I went totally out of character. And I'm stretching it with Church and Tucker here. I've tried my best.

I've just recently learned how hard it is to "fucking deal with it". There's been a lot of crap that's happened to my family and friends lately, so this story really was inspired by something that happened. I cope by writing. This is dedicated to my Uncle Warren, whom I love very much. I hope he gets better soon.

Disclaimer: I do not own Red vs. Blue, it is owned by the very awesome Burnie Burns, Gus Sorola, and other people at Rooster Teeth. I love you guys, you've made my days brighter.

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> (From the Diary of Private Tucker)<p>

I looked down at the pen in my hand; the pen as black as the thoughts in my mind right now. I was distracted from this deep thinking by a team mate of mine. "Hey." Church said.

"Hi." I answered.

"Something on your mind?"

"I just found out my uncle's in the hospital."

"Oh... hey, I'm sorry man."

"He's gonna make it, but he's not all there."

"Ok..."

"Why isn't life fair?"

"Because life's a bitch. If it was fair, I'd still be alive."

"Yea, I suppose."

"I've learned to fucking deal with it."

"That's not very comforting."

"Life's not fair. You deal with what you get. It's all you can do."

"Church, you are much more insightful than you let on."

"Thanks."

Then he left to go about his own business. I never truly did understand that moment of calm kindness he shared with me. After that moment, he always seemed wiser to me. Kinder, even though he went back to his old ways of could care less'.

A few days later, I'd look back down at my black pen. Black, as my musings. And I realized that I should learn to "fucking deal with it". So, I began to write...

End
file.